THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 14. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Demonstration of the Order to be Held in Lemont, Ill., on Sunday, April 12, When Rev. Father O'Sullivan's New Church Will be Dedicated by Archbishop Feehan.

"Smoke Talks" Held by Different Divisions, in Which the Good of the Order Was Discussed and Free Handed Hospitality Extended.

The demonstration in Lemont on the 12th inst. should receive careful attention from the officers of the divisions. It is expected that arrangements will be perfected by which a very low rate will be secured for those going. His Grace the Archbishop will again find pleasure in bestowing his blessing on his faithful Hibernians, whose readiness to show respect for their venerable prelate has been testified on many previous occasions. It will be an opportunity of proving that the A.O.H. can appreciate the good work accomplished by Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan in the cause of unity. We were lavish in applause some time since, when our speakers recited the results of the efforts of the reverend gentleman in Cook county, let us now show our thanks expressed were not mere empty words. Let us go back in memory to the scattered membership of six years ago, and remember the voice which cheered us and urged us to further effort. Let us contrast our present happy numbers and unity with the scattered divisions which formed the Cook county contingent in those days, and recall those whose efforts did so much to lift us out of our "slough of despond" to the paths of success. I feel confident our brothers of Cook county will remember to give honor to those to whom honor is due. Every division should have a respectable contingent to represent them at the dedication of St. Patrick's church, Lemont.

Company B of the Hibernian Knights will give a ball on Saturday, the 25th inst. Understanding the object is to secure funds for equipment of recruits. So worthy a project should receive more than ordinary attention. The company is entirely raised among the membership of Div. 19, and like the brothers of that division are earnest, devoted and hard-working where the interests of the Order are concerned. We should give encouragement and support to our uniformed rank, and practical sympathy only will be of any assistance under such circumstances as surround us just now. The ball of Company B should be patronized by every division in the county.

Div. 36 will celebrate their sixth anniversary with a ball on April 11 at Sivore's Hall. The committee of arrangements, under the guidance of the chairman, Brother Pierce, are making ample preparations for the accommodation of all the guests expected.

No. 36 held another smoke talk on Friday, the 27th ult., and entertained as guests visitors from Divisions 9, 23, 26, 29 and 35. The informal programme, the happy hospitality and general good-fellowship lent much to the enjoyment of the evening. Bro. P. T. O'Sullivan of No. 9 delivered a five minute address on the progress of the Order which made a deep impression, encouraging the older and winning the sympathy of the younger members of the Order. Bro. Tony McGraw of Div. 36 was the host of the evening, welcoming the visitors to the gathering with that earnest manner and warm fraternity which could not but make all feel as members of one family. Owen Ahern of South Chicago was in splendid voice, and the repeated encores which would have overtaxed any other but such a prince of good fellows, showed how the audience loved the well sung songs of "Erin Asthore." Brother Dever, at least ten years younger, was as usual witty and eloquent, leaving the floor amid thunders of applause following the delivery of an epitome of the virtues of the Order, and the duties of a Hibernian.

Brother Reynolds, president of Div. 26, in well-chosen words, dwelt on the ethics of Hibernianism in a manner new to many, but indicative of a close study given to a noble subject by a cultured mind. Bro. W. J. Doherty, vice-president of the Cook County Board, modest and unassuming, spoke briefly of the progress of the Order. Foremost in battling for the constitution and the Order on social occasions, W. J. finds pleasure in listening and weighing carefully the thoughts of others. P. F. Holden, president of Div. 36, varied the talk with an earnest appeal for sympathy and interest in the national future of the Green Isle, and stirred the attentive audience with an eloquent portrayal of Erin's plight amid the nations of the earth. Brother Maguire, of Div. 29, was the only representative from Kensington, and tendered an invitation to those present to visit the Pullman division. Brother Healy sang, with taste, a patriotic song, and was followed by Bro. Lawrence Reynolds, a veteran in the cause. Brother Fox, of Omaha, Neb., told the story of the A.O.H. progress in the far West, and recited the good work of the old Order in the elevation of the race and fostering the principles of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity.

Perhaps the gem of the evening was a neat speech from Brother Foley, of Div. 9, whose telling sentences won repeated applause and embodied the best ideas man could express to his fellowman for the preservation of purity of principle. Bro. M. F. Fanning, of Div. 12, recited the charge on Marye's Heights with an elocutionary ability of a high order. Bro. Fanning is blessed with dramatic ability which indicates "how many a Booth is born to blush unseen." John P. McGoorty closed the evening's entertainment with a happy Godspeed full of pleasant reminiscence and cheerful prophecy of future returns of the evening. I had almost forgotten the piper who lent zest to the evening's fun by the slaughter of Irish tunes on a "pilroch." Div. 36 will hold another "smoke talk" on Friday, April 24. County President Henely has kindly consented to be present, and a large attendance is expected from neighboring divisions.

The County Board will meet on April 5, the first Sunday of the month, because of the dedication of the church in Lemont. Division officers should not fail to note the change.

I am informed that the authorities of the Catholic University are already collecting from the divisions the names of the brothers who donated the assessment towards the Gaelic chair. It is purposed to have those names enrolled in a splendid illuminated volume in old Gaelic characters as a roll of honor. In other words, it will perpetuate and hand down to future generations the names of the Hibernians, good and true, who gave their mite towards saving from oblivion the language of their forefathers. As cycles of years roll on, the roll of honor will, with added value, be treasured as proof of the genuine love of motherland and her institutions which animates the A.O.H. It is hoped that no names of Cook County members will be wanting from so grand a record.

Easter season calls for practical exemplification of our fidelity to mother church. Every division should make arrangements to approach holy communion in a body, testifying their devotion to faith and the courage of their convictions. In these days of weak-kneed religious convictions we cannot be wanting in public attestation of our observance of such salutory customs.

The Employment Bureau is not receiving the attention it deserves from the officers of the A.O.H. Those gentlemen were invited to send in names of probable employers, foremen, and such as have power to hire help, and up to the present writing very few have availed themself[illegible] of the opportunity. There are blanks for recommendations and applications provided, but not applied for. The A.O.H. were very much in need of an employment bureau, and practical support can make a success of the same. It must be to any man of common-sense a consolation to know that with the extension of the work of the employment association comes nearer the day of emancipation from the thraldom of political patronage. There will be more independence of idea and consequent genuine progress. No man need fear that disagreement or want of co-operation with the "boss" means loss of position and taking of the bread from his children's mouths. God help us! why did we permit such a condition of affairs to continue so long.

The magnificent Gaelic sermon of the Rev. Father Carroll of St. Thomas' church, was well attended on St. Patrick's Day, but our brothers were not there in the numbers necessary to mark their interest in the language of their forefathers. The synopsis thoughtfully distributed lent much of interest to the congregation. The rolling music of the old tongue sounded sweet from the lips of the gifted preacher whose deep knowledge of the subject has done so much to lift the mists which clouded the beauties of the old tongue. The closing was worthy of deep thought: "The manifold values and beauties that the study of this tongue will disclose to the scholar would be too long and tedious for enumeration. But when the world yet was young, it was the Erian tongue that saluted the dawn of awakening civilization. It was in the accents of this tongue that Beauty, Love and Genius began to whisper to the heart and intellect of mankind. Er.

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STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Britannic arrived at New York March 28, at 4:30 a.m.

The Germanic arrived at Queenstown March 28, at 5 p.m.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at Queenstown March 27, at 4 p.m.

The Umbria arrived at New York March 28, at 10 p.m.

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PATRICK'S CAREER.

Judge Gibbons Eloquently Dwells Upon It at a Banquet Held in Honor of Ireland's Patron Saint.

The Apostle Was Made a Captive While Irish Legions Were Warring With the Romans in the Pleasant Land of Gaul.

The following eloquent and patriotic speech was delivered by the Hon. John Gibbons, Judge of the Circuit Court, at the banquet in honor of the natal day of St. Patrick given at the Athletic Club on March 17:

Today Irish exiles wherever found, whether in the far off isles of the western ocean, the southern republics, the confines of the British Empire, or the United States of America, will meet again in spirit and enjoy once more that communion of heart and parley of soul, so long denied them in their weary wanderings. Today we think of home and fatherland.

"From every land and every lot,
From palace hall and lowly cot,
To home, which ne'er can be forgot
The mind goes straying back."—

Back to the homes of our birth, back to the scenes of our youth, back to the playmates we prize, back to the parents we love.

Should we go back in fancy among the picturesque hills and lovely valleys of our native land, through which we so often-times wandered in boyhood's happy years, and look once more on those hallowed spots where stood the humble homes of our sires, on whose thresholds we parted from fond parents, and bade farewell to friends and kindred; we would find there the smiling valley, the village green, the neighboring church, but not the old familiar faces. The little hamlets which dot the plains are desolate, and the peasantry have been evicted from their homes:

"These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rarely furth and manners are no more."

About the dawn of the Christian era, nearly every nation of the earth had been conquered by Roman arms, and was paying tribute to Roman valor. The East was prostrate at her feet; the West bowed down in submissive odedience before her Cæsars. Gaul was vanquished; Britain was subdued; but Ireland alone, firm and invincible as the rocks of her sea-beaten shores, bade defiance to the Roman legions. Ireland being so favorably situated, surrounded by an expansive ocean, was able to expel the invaders whenever they tried to effect a landing on her shores, so that she enjoyed prosperity and peace, when surrounding nations lay prostrate at the feet of Rome. Ireland, ever ready to espouse the cause of the weak and the oppressed, heard the murmurings of her sister Britain, and with that noble impulse of chivalric nature so characteristic of the race, hastened to her aid. The daring and warlike sons of Ireland, crossed the channel and marched in steady phalanx to meet the Roman legions in Britain. After many defeats and victories they vanquished the power of Rome in Britain and pursued the retreating army into Gaul. It was while the Irish army was in pursuit of the Romans in Gaul, about the year A.D. 389, that "Niall of the Nine Hostages," led in captivity to Ireland a youth who was destined to become the apostle and patron saint of the Irish nation. He was about 16 years of age, when sold as a slave to Milcho, one of Ireland's chiefs and consigned to tend his master's flocks on the hills of Antrim. But Providence moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and the youthful Christian slave soon realized how sad it was for such a noble and generous race to remain in Pagan darkness. Seized with holy fervor for the conversion of Ireland, he incessantly petitioned the Eternal Throne for deliverance from servitude that he might equip himself in piety, wisdom and knowledge for the execution of his great purpose. His prayers were answered, and after the lapse of six years he escaped from slavery.

While wandering along one of the beautiful harbors on the northern coast of Ireland, he sought passage in a ship which was ready to sail. The captain first refused to receive him, but finally yielded to his appeals, and after three days they landed in Scotland. He journeyed on foot through Scottish wilds and English woods, undergoing all kinds of sufferings and privations, until at length he was united with his family in Brittany. After remaining with his parents for a short time, he made known to them his designs for the conversion of Pagan Ireland, and proceeded to perfect himself in learning for admission to the sacred ministry of the church.

Having made sufficient preparation to undertake so important a mission, he proceeded to Rome. Here he was commissioned by the sovereign pontiff, St. Celestine, even as the apostles were commissioned, to preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth. He hastens to the land of his former captivity. He comes to the people of Ireland as the angels came to the shepherds of Judea, and he brings to them glad tidings of great joy. He tarries not on his way, until he comes to the hill of Tara, where in pomp and splendor the chief monarch of Ireland is seated on his throne, surrounded by the princes, nobles, druids and bards of Ireland. The are congregated to celebrate the great annual festival in honor of their national pagan god. Robed in his sacred vestments, with mitre on his brow and cross in his hand, St. Patrick advances with his companions, chanting the psalms, and breathing warmest prayers for illumination from above on that vast assembly.

He related to them the story of the lowly Nazarine and proclaimed the doctrine of a triune God—the Maker, the Redeemer, and the Sovereign Lord of all things. His clear and forceful argument in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, his sublime eloquence in relating the redeeming Savior's love for man, were so convincing that many of the nobles, druids, and bards embraced Christianity and were baptized on the hill of Tara. The conversion of the whole island followed with such rapidity, that before the death of the Saint, paganism entirely disappeared from the island. A people that walked in darkness, saw and adored the light.

All Christendom should unite with the Irish race in paying tribute to the memory of Ireland's patron saint. He is not the Saint of Ireland alone, but a colossal figure in the vanguard of the cross. We, his children, therefore, have assembled here, not through any sectarian motive, but through a holy and Christian spirit, to do homage to St. Patrick, and to attest our reverence and devotion to the memory of one who accomplished so much for the spread of Christianity, the advance of civilization and the elevation of mankind.

The seed which St. Patrick planted in Ireland took root, grew up and spread its beneficent influence throughout the land. Churches, monasteries, seminaries and schools were erected everywhere throughout the island. Piety begot an eager zeal for learning; the arts and sciences flourished under the fostering care of the monks and hermits, and Ireland became the nursery of saints and scholars.

During the long dark nights and evil days of feudal despotism and mental bondage Ireland was the depository of literature and art, the instructor and civilizer of Europe. Her pious sons devoted to the service of God, went forth among the nations to instruct the ignorant and illiterate, and to resuscitate religion and morality. Wherever those devout and pious men went, they carried with them the standard of the cross, that emblem of faith and freedom, for which they loved to live, nor feared to die. Yes, Ireland, be it said to her eternal praise, gave to every nation of Europe scholars, saints and martyrs whose names will live while civilization lasts and the lyre of fame awakens to the touch of faith and fatherland.

[illegible] to American institutions in gatherings such as this. Every son of Ireland loves the land of his birth, but it is a love which is overshadowed with loyalty to the home of his adoption. When the Irish Brigade celebrated St. Patrick's Day on the dreary fields of Fredericksburg, thousands of brave hearts who assembled at the morning mass and heard for the last time the benediction pronounced by their fearless chaplain, the Rev. William Corby, of Notre Dame, dashed on to victory on the morrow, into the smoke of battle, and up to the cannon's mouth, cheered by the clarion voice and dauntless bravery of their gallant leader, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. Every succeeding St. Patrick's Day in its annual round, during the trying days of the late rebellion, witnessed the Irish soldiers repair to the morning mass, and close the festivities of the day to the refrain of "Wearing of the Green" or "God Save Ireland." From the hour when fighting old Jack Barry, the Irish Commodore, joined hands with Washington in defense of human liberty, to the day when the heroic Union general, gallant Phil Sheridan rushed to the support of the immortal Grant and beheld the surrender of the rebel forces at Appomatox, no son of Ireland ever proved traitor to the cause of his adopted country.

After referring eloquently to the patriotism of those who profess the faith of St. Patrick, and to General Washington's acknowledgment of the services rendered to America by Catholics during the revolution, the speaker concluded as follows:

Whatsoever of glory has sprung from these achievements, we are of right entitled to share in it. We demand with equal justice the right to share in the honor of maintaining the supremacy of the nation, and the integrity of the Federal Union, because of the part we took in crushing the late rebellion. When the whole brood of spurious patriots who are now sowing the seed of religious dissension among the people, and stirring up hatred and strife among neighbors, were foraging along the lines as English spies or rebel sympathizers, the Roman Catholics of German, Polish and Irish birth and parentage were mustering in the ranks of war and hurrying to the front, side by side with loyal Americans to defend the flag, to uphold the Union, and to transmit unimpaired to generations yet to come the government of the nation and the institutions of the people. Then, as now, the Catholic clergy and laity through the land, acknowledged unswerving allegiance to the Pope of Rome in matters of religion, and this allegiance, then as now, but served to increase their devotion to God, and to intensify their loyalty to the Stars and Stripes.

We speak but the historic truth when we say to the native Americans that we embarked with you in the same ship of state, we helped you to navagate that glorious old ship over many a stormy sea, and when the billows rolled the highest and danger closed around, we clung to her the closer and made her cause our own. This is our country. We helped to make it what it is. We rejoice in its greatness. We share in its tribulations. The chaste headstones in the solemn cities of the dead, where slumber the ashes of the immortal heroes, fallen that their country might live, speak more eloquent than words America's lasting gratitude to the heroic sons of the Catholic church, who sealed with their life's blood their loyalty to her institutions.

A LIGHT SPREADER.

Such Was the Illustrious Frenchman Who Converted Ireland From Worship of the Sun to Adoration of That Luminary's Almighty Creator.

Stirring and Instructive Address Delivered by the Hon. A. L. Morrison, of New Mexico, at the Knights of St. Patrick's Banquet, St. Louis, Mo.

Hon. A. L. Morrison responded to the toast, "Ireland's Literature." He spoke as follows:

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK AND GENTLEMEN: From a few rude earthworks Romulus and his successors extended the sway of Rome to the uttermost confines of the known earth. Every tribe, nation, tongue and people bent before the advance of their resistless legions. The laws, the government and the mythology of Rome were known and obeyed in every climate. In the midst of this almost universal subjugation of the world there was one small island on the verge of Western Europe—

"An emerald set in the ring of the sea,"

which remained unrivaled and unconquered. From the hills of Scotland the Romans could look across the narrow strait which separates the two islands and see "the fair hills of holy Ireland" basking in the sunlight. But that narrow strait they never crossed, and thus it came to pass that a Roman legion never encamped on Irish soil and a Roman eagle never fluttered under an Irish sky. In the fullness of time, when Roman virtue lost its purity, Roman manhood forgot its bravery, the ranks of the legions were filled with mercenaries and the robes of the empire were dyed crimson in the blood of God's saints, a mighty convulsion shook the earth.

It seemed as if some mysterious impulse animated the long-suffering peoples, and like the billows of the ocean breaking through barriers of sand, wave after wave of men (barbarians, as the Romans called them) flung themselves against and over the widely extended frontiers of the empire. Entire nations abandoned their ancient homes, carrying with them their families, their gods and their household goods. They passed over mountains, plains, rivers, consuming, devouring and destroying. They found fertile fields, and they left barren wastes.

Religion, civilization and government were all trampled down beneath their rugged feet. War, famine and pestilence decimated their ranks, the countries through which they passed were covered with their corpses, but untamed, unconquered and resistless, they pressed onward to the consummation of their destined task, the conquest of mighty Rome. In the midst of all this fearful commotion Britain lay supine and helpless, or if she spoke at all it was only to cry aloud to Rome to save her from the terrible Scots, as the Irish as well as the Scotch were then called. Although far removed from the European uproar, the Irish chiefs led their warlike clans across the sea to Scotland, and then facing southward, marched without resistance through Britain, crossed the Straits of Calais and pressed on to the foot of the Alps. There King Dathy, the last of Ireland's pagan monarchs, was killed by lightning; his clansmen retreated, carrying with them rich spoils and many captives, one of these being a gentle Christian boy who subsequently became the great apostle of Ireland, whose holy life and sublime services to God and man are cherished with the fondest love that human hearts can bestow. This morning in every Christian land his ever-faithful children gathered in God's holy temples, and there around the altars of the immaculate lamb, participated in the same awful sacrifice which their blessed apostle offered up for their converted fathers in the same land 1,500 years ago. The day is passed with feast and song, and stately processions, and when the sinking sun closes the scene,

"Some there are around the board like loving brothers met,
The few and fond and faithful hearts, who never can forget
They drank 'the girls they left at home, God bless them.' And they,
The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave,
Then up, erect, with nine times nine, and hip, hip, hip, hurrah,
Drank Eriu slantha gal go bragh these exiles far away.

And then to hear the grand old strains of Irish music rise
Like gushing memories of home beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bowers and dark Columbian pine,
Oh, don't these old familiar tones, now sad and now so gay,
Speak out your very, very hearts, poor exiles far away?"

Of all the nations Ireland stands preeminent and alone as the only one which received the true faith without the shedding of one drop of martyr's blood. This marvelous event was accounted for by the fact that the Irish were never idolaters. They never worshiped gods made by their own hands. Their paganism was the highest and most ennobling known to man. Their God was the sun and to him, as the visible source of life and light and heat, they paid their daily orisons. Their studies of astronomy were coeval with those of the Chaldean shepherds. The wonderful round towers which for ages were the despair of historians and archæologists are now known to have been observatories, in which the professors of the most sublime of all the sciences pursued their studies. It was a comparatively easy task for our great apostle to raise the souls of our pagan sires from the worship of the sun to that of the Creator of the great luminary of day. As the Romans never conquered Ireland, the barbarian conquerors of Rome had no incentive to carry their conquests there.

And thus, while for centuries the populations of Europe were, as Guizot says, driven hither and thither like the waves of the sea, Ireland reposed in peace, became the Island of Saints and of letters, built great institutions of learning and threw open her hospitable gates to all comers who sought the blessings of enlightened education. Alfred the Great and thousands of his Saxon countrymen received food and shelter and education in Irish universities without money and without price. The early church, emerging from the gloomy catacombs, with the scars of martyrdom on her body and the palm of victory in her hands, conveeted the Romans. The emblem of man's redemption was emblazoned on the banners of the great Constantine, the haughty emperors descended from their thrones of gold and ivory, and, kneeling in the dust, adored the crucified son of God. With the barbarian invaders came the ruin and destruction of religion and civilization and the new and perilous task of conquering the conquerors presented itself to the Roman See. The harvest, indeed, was great, but the laborers were few. Where were teachers to be found who united within themselves the learning of the scholar, the zeal of the confessor and the intrepidity of the soldier? "God always raises great men for great occasions."

The occasion was there and the men were not wanting. Casting their eyes over the wide desolation of pagan Europe the holy vicars of Christ saw the land of Patrick encircled in the solitude of its crystal seas and filled with zealous Christian men. Catholic Rome never called on Catholic Ireland in vain, and when the call came the response was prompt and effectual. And then followed a series of apostolic emigrations which have no parallel in history. In his great work, "The Monks of the West," M. De Montalembert says, "A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism. This monastic nation, therefore, became the missionary nation par excellence. While some came to Ireland to procure religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from their island. They covered the land and sea of the West. Unwearied navigators, they labored on the most desert islands and overflowed the continent with their successive immigrations. They saw in incessant visions a world known and unknown to be conquered for Christ."

St Columbkill with his disciples crossed into the bleak islands of northern Scotland and converted the rude tribes of the highlands. Then he carried the gospel among the inhospitable Saxons, who were yet steeped to the lips in the barbaric paganism of their fathers. In the Island of Iona and elsewhere the ruins of his churches and monasteries can yet be seen. But the chief, the giant of all these heroic civilizers, was the mighty Columbanus, the renowned apostle of the Gauls. During the closing years of the sixth century this heroic soldier of Christ, with twelve followers, passed into Gaul, arriving there without the slightest means of subsistence, depending solely on the bounty of that God whose devoted servants they were. About a century previous to this time Clovis, King of the Salian Franks, invaded and conquered the greater part of Gaul, and subsequently became, at least nominally, a Christian. His descendants now filled the Frankish throne, outwardly observing the services of the church. They were really little better than their pagan ancestors. Murder and robbery were matters of daily occurrence. Haughty, turbulent and overbearing, they were men of the war ax, the sword and the lance. Their mailed hands ever on their dagger's hilt, ready to avenge a real or a fancied insult, their palaces were the constant scenes of tumult and disorder. And it was among such scenes and such men that Columbanus began his work of evangelization, and it was to their rude bounty that he was indebted for protection and means to pursue his perilous enterprise. His small company was soon recruited by numbers of ardent confessors from the great Irish schools. Their monastic vows bound them to earn their daily bread by manual or mental labor, therefore sloth and idleness were unknown among them, and as their vows of abstinence were of the most ascetic character, luxury had no place in their institutions.

A tract of wild land in which a ruined castle stood was given to them, and there the monastry of Luxeuil, the mother of all their future houses, was founded, from which went forth colonies of monks, who spread themselves over Gaul, which then included all of France and the Netherlands. They crossed they Rhine, the climbed the Alps, they scaled the Apennines, they descended into the sunny valleys of Italy, civilizing and converting the Goths, the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Huns and the Alemans to the true faith. In their monasteries incessant labor was the rule. In the absence of the printing press there was no other means of preserving and multiplying books but by the slow and toilsome method of writing, and by such means alone these men and their brother religious who are now sneeringly called

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 4, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Hare.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Marie Wainwright.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Ward and Vokes.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Contented Woman."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Minnie Maddern Fiske.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"An Artist's Model."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"In Old Kentucky."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"East Lynne."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"SALOON KEEPERS"—ANGLO-YANKEE, GERMAN AND IRISH.

Henry Childs Merwin, whose name sounds aggressively Saxon, is writing a series of articles on "The Irish in American Life" for the Atlantic Monthly. Merwin is the same party from whose attack on the Irish in politics we made an excerpt, with comments, last week. Merwin's aim seems to be to belittle "the Irish" socially and politically in the United States. While he writes some things about us that are complimentary in a left-handed way, the tone of his articles are, in general, biting and bitter. "The Irish" have never claimed to be angels, nor do they pretend to have come to America, they or their fathers, to spend their surplus money. That was spent for them by the English before they came here. An intensely vital race, strong, and, in general, physically perfect, they make magnificent soldiers, firemen, policemen, horsemen, athletes of every kind, and, therefore, excite the envy and jealousy of weaker races, like some degenerate Anglo-Yankees, of whom, no doubt, Merwin is a type. It is safe to say that no race of men living in America has taken less New England patent medicine than the Irish. They regard patent medicine very much as they do wooden nutmegs, and for this the Anglo-Yankees, like Merwin, Howells, et al., cannot forgive them. They envy them their fine frames, their splendid constitutions, their dauntless courage, their phenomenal cheerfulness, which nothing can subdue, and, above and before all else, their political genius—their ability to capture office in spite of the deadly opposition of their weak and rancorous enemies. The Irish, whatever their minor faults, are the backbone of this Republic, and they can afford to take with philosophy the abuse showered upon them by their physical and intellectual inferiors, such as this son of a wooden nutmeg, Merwin. But let us read a little of what this shallow brain has to say about us:

"Irishmen prefer, and succeed best in, those occupations where a man can be lively and sociable and can move about, and especially where he can do with horses. Contractors, blacksmiths, stablekeepers, and hackmen are largely Irishmen. Some of the most noted trainers and drivers of trotting horses have been Irishmen. I know one Irishman who began life as the driver of a coupe for a liveryman. Before long he had a horse and coupe of his own. Then he bought another horse and coupe, and hired a man. And from this small beginning he has become, in twenty years, the owner of a large stable and of much valuable real estate. He still attends vigorously to business, but indulges himself in the ownership of a few running horses. This is not an isolated case of prosperity. Saloonkeepers are notoriously Irishmen: and what more social occupation could there be than keeping a saloon! In the Boston Directory are the names of 526 persons who sell liquor at retail, and of these names 317 are unmistakably Irish.

"The same principle holds good in an Irishman's choice of profession. Very seldom does he become a doctor: the severe course of study is repugnant to him, and the practice of medicine, though it involves seeing people, does not involve seeing them in a social way. On the other hand, there are many Irish lawyers. To become a really good lawyer does indeed require hard study; but a man can make a creditable appearance before a jury without knowing much law, and it is easy for an Irishman to be eloquent and quick at repartee. In some cases, where sound judgment and the power of application are united with Celtic liveliness and eloquence, we find Irish lawyers of the first rank; and these men have a suavity and courtesy of their own. But they are not numerous. Neither in the professions, nor in politics, nor in trade does the Irish-American often rise to a high position. A recent traveler in the West, whose object was to procure investments for foreign capital, states that he found very few Irishmen at the head of industrial enterprises. The managers of such concerns were usually native Americans, Scotchmen, or Englishmen."

Now, the above is all published without comment, by Col. Arthur Preuss, who edits here the German Catholic paper, printed in English, called The Review. Are the Irish more "notoriously" saloon keepers than the Germans? The Anglo-Yankees are not behind in the business either. Some of the leading bar-rooms in this city are run by Anglo-Yankees. The Palmer House bar is leased, or run, by the proprietor of the hotel; the Leland Hotel bar by the landlord; the Sherman House bar by its Boniface; the Great Northern bar by the proprietors, and so on. Are all these high-toned, respectable Anglo-Yankee bar-keepers "notoriously" connected with the business or not? "Oh, but they keep hotels!" Yes, but the Irish saloon, or bar-keepers often, in fact generally, keep lodgers and boarders. What is a hotel, but a higher class lodging or boarding house—that is more money is paid in it for accommodation? All the Turner hall bars in this, and other big American cities, are run by Germans, and German names are quite as numerous over saloon fronts on Milwaukee avenue, Sedgwick street, North Clark and other central German thoroughfares in Chicago, as Irish names over saloon fronts on West Twelfth street, Van Buren street, West Madison street and other streets where the Irish are supposed to congregate. The Scotch are numerously represented here by a widely diffused firm, whose alluring tentacles grasp the whole town—a most enterprising firm. The leading saloon in the city for a generation bears the name of two Anglo-Yankees. And there are numerous "dives" kept by Anglo-Yankees all over the city, fruit being sold in front of the "stores" and "Jersey lightning" in the rear for the benefit of such thirst-consumed Anglo-Yankee hypocrites as are afraid to drink their diurnal, and indispensable, whisky in public. We have no respect for a man who sneaks in by an alleyway and through a back door, to get that of which he would, by his hypocritical vote as a Prohobitionist, deprive his poorer, and more honest, neighbor. It is, in fact, as regards saloon keeping in this country, a case of pot and kettle controversy all around. One is about as badly smoked as the other.

Merwin shows his stupid ignorance when he says that many Irishmen do not become doctors, and are afraid of hard study. The lie is given to the latter assertion by the results of the British civil service examinations, where Irishmen have carried off the very highest prizes; nor have they been lacking in that respect in New York or in this city, or anywhere that the civil service method has been tried.

The head of the medical and surgical profession in Chicago is an Irish-American, Dr. J. B. Murphy. The late Dr. Dyas, an Irishman by birth, was head of the profession here for more than half a century. The late Dr. Collins also ranked very high, and there are scores of practising Irish-American doctors in Chicago, and in all the large cities, who rank second to none. The man who is doing most in the United States today to kill off drunkenness, and who has been doing it for years, is Dr. Keeley, an Irish-American. So also is his chief assistant.

When Merwin says that Irishmen seldom rise to high social position here, he lies most emphatically. What is a "high social position" in America? Everybody knows that money will open the plutocratic door of nearly any American millionaire to the vulgar rich. There are "cultivated" rich people, and some who are not "cultivated," but money makes them alike equal in the eyes of the Yankee plutocrat. There are "exclusive circles," in New England and the South, to which intellect and character appeal much more forcibly than wealth, but, oh, how limited they are! We have been taught to believe that this is a Republic, where all men are equal, but it would seem we have "classes" and "masses" here the same as in Europe. Who rose to higher social eminence in America than Gen. Philip Sheridan, Charles O'Conor, John Boyle O'Reilly, James T. Brady, Thomas Francis Meagher, Gen. J. J. Coppinger, recently bitterly fought by the Know-nothings in Congress, Richard O'Gorman, Doctor Robert Dwyer Joyce, and a host of others? But, perhaps, Merwin's experience of "high social" people in America, or elsewhere, is painfully limited.

We would like to turn the cathode rays on the fellow and find out the conformation of his distorted brain.

THE MALIGNANT FLAG FOOLS.

The grand jury of Champaign, Ill., has gone to the farcical extreme of "indicting" the Governor of Illinois, the University trustees, a Catholic priest and a Lutheran minister for alleged violation of the Flag Law of the State—the most idiotic enactment that ever found place upon a statute book. It was charged that the gentlemen, and ladies, indicted, for the lady trustees are included also, failed to raise the flag as required by the enactment. The sensible people of Champaign rose in their wrath, held an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions exonerating the trustees and demanding the repeal of the obnoxious law, which is odious to every American citizen who respects his country and his flag. The Flag Fool, instead of serving on a grand jury, should be occupying a padded cell in Kankakee, and the "legislator" whose overgrown brain devised the "law" ought to go down to posterity as the champion ass of the nineteenth century. Why all this pother about the Flag in times of peace? What devil is getting into the country that the national colors must be made a cause of discord? It is the old yellow devil of Irish and Canadian Orangeism, imported here from the Orange ridden Dominion, and from faction-cursed Ulster. What is Orangeism? A clever American writer has thus described it:

"Irish Orangeism is a mule among nationalities. It is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. It has no country to love, no principles to serve. Sent into Ulster as an English garrison, it lost one nationality without gaining another. The country of which it is the curse hates it, and the country of which it is the tool scorns it. Never yet did it take the field that it was not beaten, never did it trust to a politician that it was not sold. It is mighty in beating a drum or firing off pistols to scare women and children, but it has never been known to stand up before men. In civil affairs its favorite weapon is that of Samson—the jawbone of an ass, but unlike the case of Samson, the ass is alive and the lion trots off uninjured. In Ireland and out of Ireland the Orangeman is the same, blatant and idiotic. His low brow, his thick wits, his mongrel brogue indentify him as a species apart like the curs of Constantinople, whom nobody owns and everybody kicks."

This is the unclean spirit that has entered into American political life of late years. All this insane devotion to the Stars and Stripes is feigned by Orangemen, and their Anglo-Yankee tools, in order to raise hell in the United States, and make the flag a symbol of strife and persecution instead of the ensign of peace and liberality. They would like to be devils in the nethermost pit, if they thought they could gain places as stokers to shovel red hot coals on the spirits of their foes—the Irish and the Catholics. Of course not many Irish or Catholics can go to hell, but the few that may, will find the Orangemen and Knownothings pursuing them even there. Sensible people cannot help wondering what Orangemen and Knownothings were created for. Rats have their use in the economy of nature. Even snakes may be utilized for the benefit of man, but the classes mentioned are only good for serving their master, the Devil.

THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

Owing to the great rush of people to view the Doré exhibition of pictures in the Chicago Art Institute, the officers thereof have decided to prolong the period of display, in order to meet the public demand. Secretary Carpenter, of the Art Institute, writing to THE CITIZEN, says:

"It was fully our intention to close the exhibition March 22. Of course the extension has not been arranged without additional negotiations between the Art Institute and the proprietors of the paintings, nor without much trouble on our part to accommodate the other exhibitions of the season, which had been announced, and which must go on. We are induced to take this step by various reasons. The attendance, which has been enormous for an art museum, is increasing rather than diminishing, showing a popular interest which we think it proper to gratify. Our rooms hitherto have been so excessively crowded that students and art lovers could not see the pictures with the comfort and quiet necessary to an appreciation of important works. It is hoped that an extension of the period of the exhibition may meet these needs and difficulties. I hope it is already known to you that the Art Institute has no other object than the promotion of the cause of fine art, and the public welfare.

"It is interesting to note that the attendance at the Art Institute this fiscal year will probably exceed six hundred thousand people, and will be larger than the attendance of any other museum in America. The total number of pupils that have been in regular attendance in the Art School during the first half of the current year is 1,478. This number will be increased before the end of the year to over 1,600. There are fifty-four teachers regularly employed in the school. The following statement of the property owned and controlled by the Art Institute will be found nearly correct: Value of collections owned by the Art Institute, $1,000,000; value of collections loaned to the Art Institute, $1,000,000; value of building and land occupied by the Art Institute, $2,000,000; total, $4,000,000.

"The total amount of cash subscriptions paid in to the Art Institute since its organization is $379,000. With this sum, together with the gifts of pictures, statuary, etc., the above results have been accomplished. For every dollar in cash paid to the Art Institute there are over ten dollars in value available for the uses of its members and the public. In addition to accomplishing the above results the Institute has organized and is now maintaining the largest Art School in America."

The officers of the Institute are Charles L. Hutchinson, president; James H. Dale, vice-president; Lyman J. Gage, treasurer; W. M. R. French, director; N. H. Carpenter, secretary. There are also an executive committee and board of trustees, composed of the leading citizens of Chicago in every walk of life. All these gentlemen are entitled to the thanks of the public for the able manner in which the business of the Institute is conducted.

IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan, the veteran journalist, has undertaken the American agency for Irish National Literature, and has established an office at No. 179 Wabash avenue, this city. In his prospectus, Mr. O'Sullivan says:

"A revival of Irish literature—widespread and 'racy of the soil'—is one of the brightest and most promising signs of the times in Ireland and England. Not since the days of 'Young Ireland' has there been such a spirit of self assertive and aggressive nationality evoked by the scholars and thinkers of the race. The new spirit is spreading in this country, but there has been no supply to satisfy the demand. To meet this demand and the new-born intellectual craving, I have established my agency; and the character of the books that Dublin and London publishers are sending forth will make them as welcome to American readers and scholars as to those of the Celtic race.

"At present I wish to draw special attention to 'The New Irish Library,' edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and published by T. Fisher Unwin, London. Seven volumes have already been issued, and I can supply the whole set, or deliver them, two volumes a month, or oftener. The books are beautifully printed and bound, with gilt tops, and cost seventy-five cents each. (I will prepay postage on all volumes ordered). The authors are among the profoundest scholars and thinkers of the day, and their books have commanded the attention and won the encomiums of scholars and critics everywhere. 'The New Irish Library' is devoted to the literature and history of the old land, and touches upon political and religious topics only as they become incidental. Their whole tone is intensely national, yet in no sense polemical.

"Among the books of the Library already issued are: 'The Patriot Parliament of 1689,' by Thomes Davis, with a comprehensive introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; 'Early Celtic Literature,' by Douglas Hyde, LL.D.; 'The New Spirit of the Nation,' a collection of noted ballads and poems, with a valuable critical and biographical introduction by Martin McDermott; 'The Life of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Locan,' by Dr. Todhunter; and sketches of famous historical incicents, events and battles in Ireland during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Standish O'Grady. These sketches are full of romantic and dramatic interest. In addition to all recent books of Irish authors I will also keep a complete stock of all standard works, relating to the history, the literature, the political and the social life of the Irish people. Orders for any book or periodical published in this country or abroad will be promptly attended to."

THE "Irish" party in the English house of commons seems to have gone to sleep. Even poor, mild old Justout McCarthy used to make more noise than Dr. Dillon. By the way, has Tim Healy lost his tongue?

GEORGE B. SWIFT, mayor, need not flatter himself that Chicago pines away in his absence. It is just as dirty as it ever was, but his presence would hardly make it cleaner. His entire "reign" of a single year has been a governmental failure. We have the filthiest streets and alleys in America. Our public works department is so miserably handled that projected alleyways, on which assessments have been paid for years, have not yet been even touched by pick or spade. Swill has been allowed to remain in many boxes for months, and, in short, it would be a graceful public act for Mayor Swift to resign and allow the people to select some competent man to take his place. Commissioner Kent, for whom Mayor Swift is responsible, ought also, in justice to a suffering public, retire from the city's "service."

THE garroting of political prisoners in the public plaza of Havana recalls the cruelty of the English in Ireland in 1798 and 1803, when "twas the custom whenever a peasant was caught, to hang him by trial barrin' such as was shot." But the English, except when they half hanged on purpose to torture, did their murdering more neatly than the Spaniards. The ropes rarely slipped, and never failed to silence an Irish "rebel" forever. The Spaniards in Cuba, although having the benefit of long practice at the garrote, are awkward executioners. They might invite over some British general, who served in India during the great mutiny of 1857-8, to show them how the humane English disposed of their political prisoners. They only blew them to pieces from the muzzles of cannon, to which they were tied with ropes. Nice people, these English and Spaniards.

HARRY FLEMING and Bob Mulcahy are having a lively campaign, "ferninst" one another, for the aldermanship of the Twenty-ninth ward. Both are long-winded fighters, and their followers are having lots of fun. At last accounts, Harry was half a dozen christenings ahead of Bob, but the latter vows he will "even up" before the campaign is over.

MR. BURKE ROCHE, or Roche Burke, "distinguished" as brother to Lord Fermoy, who is a cousin of the Earl of Cork, has been elected by an Irish constituency, as a Home Ruler, through the influence of Timothy Healy, it is said. Now that Roche-Burke, or Burke-Roche, has been elected, it is suddenly discovered that he has had a turn in the divorce courts himself. The reason why Tim Healy, ostensibly at least, combatted Parnell was because he figured in a divorce court. Was this also the reason why the same highly moral and grandly consistent gentleman supported Roche-Burke, or Burke-Roche?

THE Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has been triumphantly re-elected police judge for one of the most important districts of Philadelphia. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Judge Wilhere on his victory.

A BUTTE, Mont., dispatch says that Mr. John Maguire, manager of Maguire's Opera House in that city, and an antiquarian of considerable note, has unearthed what he believes to be a fact—that the cathode or X rays were known to the Chinese many centuries ago. He found in the London Philosophical Journal of 1832 an account of a curious Chinese mirror which had the power to reflect upon a screen by the aid of the sun's rays objects on the back of the mirror, the mirror being made of Chinese silver, a composition of tin and copper. The Journal stated that there were but few of the mirrors then in existence and that they were evidently the remains of a lost art.

THE chief charge made against John H. Colvin, who is running for alderman in the Twenty-second ward, is that he builds houses. So also do beavers, and beavers are respectable, hard-working creatures.

MRS. MARY LUDLAM, one of the pioneer settlers of Evanston, died at her residence there last week, aged 87 years. She was born in Salem, N.J., and in 1830 was married to Dr. Jacob Ludlam. They came to Evanston in 1855, Dr. Ludlam being the first physician that lived in that town. Mrs. Ludlam had always been noted for her beauty, and had a rare cheerfulness that blessed all who came in contact with her. Though of Quaker descent, she was for many years a constant member of the Methodist church. She leaves seven children—Dr. Reuben Ludlam and Dr. E. M. P. Ludlam, of Chicago; James D. Ludlam, of Otis, N.M.; Mrs. J. H. Brown, of Philadelphia; Mrs. E. F. Brown, of Oakland, Cal.; J. M. Ludlam and Miss Mary Ludlam, of Evanston.

JOHN POWERS and William J. Gleason are the aldermanic champions in the Nineteenth ward. Both are well known citizens and have a numerous following. Times are lively in the Nineteenth just now, because Powers and Gleason are men of energy who allow no grass to grow under their feet while campaigning. Mr. Powers represents, at present, the Nineteenth ward in the city council.

IF the spirit of St. Patrick was abroad last night, says a Prescott, Arizona, exchange of the 18th ult., he must have felt perfectly satisfied with the entertainment given in his honor by the citizens of Prescott. The exercises were held in Patton's Opera House, and there was a large audience present to attest the honor in which this saint is held. The literary and musical programme was very interesting and was well rendered throughout. District Attorney R. E. Morrison was the orator for the occasion, and acquitted himself admirably. He is possessed of the fervent zeal and oratorical fire which characterizes his father, Hon. A. L. Morrison, of New Mexico, who has delivered the St. Patrick's Day address here on one or two occasions. The recitations and musical numbers were also good. At the close of the literary programme, dancing was indulged in until after midnight.

WE learn from an exchange that on St. Patrick's day Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the veteran proprietor and publisher of the Boston Pilot, celebrated, at once, the National Festival and his own 85th birthday. Mr. Donahoe has been for sixty years in the publishing business, and is, therefore, unmistakably, the "doyen" of the Catholic press in the United States. He is still hale and hearty, and is able to visit his office almost every day, which he continues to do from long indulged force of habit. All the Boston daily journals contained editorial congratulations to the veteran publisher, on his birthday; in which we cordially unite, with the wish that Mr. Donahoe may live to see many more returns of the anniversary.

ALD. WILLIAM F. MAHONY is making a splendid canvass for re-election in the Eighteenth ward, which he has ably represented in the council for several terms. He enjoys the respect of the whole community, something any man, and more particularly an alderman, has reason to be proud of, because it is a very rare honor.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MAKE HASTE.

BY P. T. M'G.

Make haste, or the end of the world may be here
And still in bondage find us!
The crash of doom may be sounding near,
And the links unrent that bind us.
Make haste lest in vain have our heroes bled—
Lest vain were the hopes they cherished;—
Oh, think of their shame, rising up from the dead
To find that in vain they perished.

In the world to come could we feel as proud
As those that in this were free men?
Or the manly souls that no fetters bowed,
And proved they at least could be men.
Oh could we brook amid all the brave
In the free wide fields of heaven,
That our souls should still wear the mark of the slave?
For we left our chains unriven.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Phil Sheridan Council.

The Phil Sheridan Council of the Irish National Alliance will meet at Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Adams and Halsted street on Sunday, April 19, 1896, at 3 o'clock p.m., sharp, instead of April 6, as announced at former meeting. Rev. D. P. O'Brien, Hon. T. H. Clifford, and other good speakers will address the meeting. Do not forget the date of this meeting—Sunday, April 19, at Fitzgerald's Hall, Adams and Halsted streets, 3 o'clock in the afternoon. All are invited to attend.

MILES McPADDEN, Pres.
JAMES J. BRENNAN, Sec.

Robert Emmet Council Mass Meeting.

Last Sunday, the 29th ult., the Irish Americans of the South Side comfortably filled Liberty Hall, Thirtieth street and Union avenue, and gave their hearty endorsement to the aims and principles of the Irish National Alliance. Rev. D. J. Crimmins of St. Anne's church, Mr. John T. Keating, and Mr. Myles McPadden, president of Sheridan Council, were the principal speakers. Father Crimmins, the popular chaplain of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, delivered a touching and convincing appeal for unity among all sections of the Irish people for the purpose of achieving their national independence. The reverend gentleman concluded by reminding Irish-Americans that something ought to be done, and done speedily, for the release of the political prisoners.

As usual, Mr. John T. Keating, State President of the A.O.H., was warmly received and frequently applauded in the course of his able and spirited address. Referring to the case of the political prisoners, the speaker informed his hearers that the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, who had always proved themselves devoted champions of liberty, had in contemplation the holding of a monster mass meeting in the near future, where the claims of their imprisoned brothers would be put forward in a manner England would not dare ignore.

Mr. Myles McPadden recalled instances of England's cruelty to Ireland that raised in every breast an earnest desire for an opportunity to "pay back the debt so long due," after which the National Treasurer of the Alliance, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, gave the obligation to the new members, among whom were the following: Michael Woods, Thomas Woods, James Murphy, Richard Wolfe, John Sheehan, Denis Quirk, Cornelius Corcoran, Thomas Quaid, John O'Connor, Thomas Keating, Richard McFadden, Patrick Burns, Patrick McMahon, Michael McFadden, William Burke, O. J. Sherlin, Thomas Cunnea, James Lynch, Eugene Sullivan, D. L. Scanlan, James Gilroy, John Kelly, James Whalen, M. McCarthy, John Foley, W. P. Heffernan, Thomas Barrett, John Gorman, James T. Knox, M. C. Treil, Peter Farragher, Patrick Griffin, James A. O'Neil, John McDowell, Peter McArdle, and Joseph Toner.

IRISH SUNBURST CLUB.

This literary society held its regular monthly meeting at No. 3304 Wabash avenue, Thursday evening, March 26. A communication from Ballingarry, Limerick, Ireland, notified the members of the election of Mr. Patrick F. Holden as honorary vice-president of Robert Emmet club of that town, and a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the young men of Ballingarry for thus honoring the Sunburst club. After some readings and songs, refreshments were generously served by Mrs. O'Hara. The next meeting, which will be a special one, will be held at No. 3725 Wallace street, Friday evening, April 10. The secretary, Mr. P. F. Holden, wishes to announce to his friends of the Sunburst and Firesides clubs that having joined the staff of THE CITIZEN his connection with the Young Irishman ceases, and he hopes to forward them sample copies of the former as soon as possible.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A LIGHT SPREADER.

Such Was the Illustrious Frenchman Who Converted Ireland From Worship of the Sun to Adoration of That Luminary's Almighty Creator.

Stirring and Instructive Address Delivered by the Hon. A. L. Morrison, of New Mexico, at the Knights of St. Patrick's Banquet, St. Louis, Mo.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the "lazy monks of the Dark Ages," preserved the priceless treasures of ancient literature. The Holy Bible, Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristotle, Plato, Virgil, Seneca, Cato, Cicero and all the other Greek and Roman authors; the civil law, which is the foundation of our own jurisprudence, all these and far more were preserved by the incessant toil of these self-sacrificing men.

Now, what became of this brilliant rising of the sun of letters in Ireland? After the lapse of over three centuries of peace and holiness and civilization, the black raven of Denmark alighted on the green isle, desolating war supplanted white-winged peace, and from the landing of the Vikings until the decisive battle of Clontarf war was the daily occupation of the people, and although victory blessed their heroic efforts on that glorious field, a sudden check was given to the work of civilization. A century and a half passed away, and then worse than Dane or Vandal, more cruel than Goth or Hun, the Normans, who had stamped out the Anglo-Saxon monarchy in a single battle, invaded our shores. The retainers and men at arms were very largely Saxons whose princes and nobles had, as has been already said, received shelter, food and education in Ireland. Animated by a spirit of insensate hatred, these serfs who were unable to maintain their own independence came to aid in destroying ours. They gave a loose rein to their lust for murder and rapine, and thus they repaid the generous Irish for their open-handed hospitality to their fathers. Four hundred years of incessant war followed, when the bane of religious hatred was added to national animosity. Henry VIII. and his two daughters, the cold-blooded renegade son of Mary, Queen of Scots, James I., the bloody, hell-hound Cromwell, the worthless sensualist, Charles II., the Dutch usurper, William III., the last and worst of all the Stuarts, Anne, and the besotted house of Brunswick followed in rapid succession, the object of each one being the extermination of the Irish race. The penal code of Anne Stuart, which Montesquieu says "was written by devils and framed in hell," never had an equal on earth for barbaric cruelty. Thomas Davis says:

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor
Or on the moor
Were hid the pious and the true,
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank and retinue."

Poems and lyrics of over 200 poets were thus saved from oblivion, and this in defiance of English law, which hunted the gentle minstrel like a wild beast. But the bard was the natural enemy of the tyrant. His fiery war songs, kept the spirit of liberty alive. They swelled above the roar of battle and animated the souls of Ireland's gallant clansmen in many a victorious charge and many a bloody and disastrous defeat.

Among the constellations which glorify the firmament of Irish literature here are a few bright particular stars: Swift, Molyneaux, Steele, Parnell the poet, Goldsmith, Flood, Grattan, Ponsonby, Curran, Plunket, O Connell, Shiel, Phillips, Banim, Griffin, Maxwell, Carleton, Lever and Lover. If an Englishman should be asked to name the two greatest orators, whose eloquence rose above and surpassed that of all others—which charmed, delighted and entranced the house of commons—he could not help naming Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. But who is he whom the great Byron calls "The poet of all circles and the idol of his own?" Why, our own matchless, peerless, unapproachable Moore, of whom an English poet has humorously said:

"They tell me Moore, you lucky man,
Your songs are sung
In Persian tongue
Along the streets of Ispahan."

But, notwithstanding the existence of so many eminent men of letters in the darkest days of the English persecutions, those persecutions had produced the desired effect, and ignorance prevailed to an alarming extent among the people. Less than fifty years previous to the time I speak of the peasant heroes of '98 had fought and bled and died for liberty. Some of the grand old veterans yet lived. But if their heroic deeds were ever mentioned it was in low whispers, lest the forbidden tale should be heard by hostile ears. If the defiant question, "Who fears to speak of '98?" had been asked in my boyhood's days, almost every man in Ireland would have answered, "I do." Never, in all the terrible years of the past, had the grand old spirit been nearer extinction. Death had almost grasped it in its icy fingers. The soul was just hovering in the air, as if reluctant to leave the body it had inhabited so long and loved so well. A little while longer, a little more of the cowardly teaching of loyalty, and it would be gone forever, and as Scanlan says, we would be "left of hope—bereft, sad, pitiful, alone."

Poor mendicants who lived upon the
glories that were flown.

But the God who had so miraculously preserved that spirit had not decreed that it should perish. True, the peril was great, and if it was still to live and cheer the hearts of freedom's devotees in the coming years, something akin to a miracle must be performed. And it was performed. The water gushed from the rock at the touch of the rod of Moses to save the children of Israel from material death was not more necessary than the water that at the touch of Thomas Davis burst from the rock in the Irish desert to save us from national death. It brought light from darkness, hope from despair and life from the grave. Life? Yes, a new, healthy, vigorous life, but to be worthy of it we must sweep away the musty cobwebs of ignorance which had so long dimmed and clouded our national intellect. We must put aside flatterers and learn to hear the truth spoken about ourselves, even if it was distasteful to our self love. We had been told we were the bravest peasantry on earth, but that was not true. We were mere serfs. We were told we must be and were loyal to a foreign throne and we had almost come to believe the monstrous lie. We were insidiously taught that we were an integral part of the British empire, and we listened impatiently while our souls revolted against the slavish idea. We were taught that we were too small and weak to be an independent nation, when all history, ancient and modern, exposed the falsity of the assertion; Greece, Judea and Syracuse in ancient times, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and all the Latin American republics in our own days were living witnesses of its untruth. We had abdicated the right of thinking to others, now we must resume that right and think for ourselves.

Our mottoes were to be: "Educate, That You May Be Free." "Knowledge Is Power." "The Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword," but the pen and the sword combined are mightier than English despotism. The day of cant and hypocrisy soon gave way to the bright dawn of honesty and truth, and language was used no longer to conceal men's ideas. There was no misunderstanding such bold sentiments as issued like gushing streams from the fearless columns of the Dublin Nation. History, poetry, love, hatred, legends, traditions, everything that could warn, educate, elevate and ennoble the Irish mind was pressed into the service and grandly did it respond. Never did any nation at any time bring forth with such rapidity and under such adverse circumstances such an array of talent and patriotism. While the press of the enemy rang with denunciations, it could not withhold its admiration. But the most remarkable production of the Nation was its poetry. Ireland never lacked song writers of more or less merit. But with the sole exception of Moore, it must be admitted that the early part of the nineteenth century was almost barren of poets and of literature in general.

The old saw that poets are born and not made was very emphatically contradicted at the time of which I speak. It is not known that any of the men who subsequently attained such eminence as poets and historians had ever written a line of poetry previous to their having done so at the request of the editors of the Nation. It could not be said of them that they lisped in numbers and the numbers came, as they had all attained years of manhood before making their first attempts, and then the poetry came like crystal streams from the springs of Helicon, sweet, passionate, musical and immortal. No finer description of national poetry was ever written than this by Davis. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul, the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. It is the play-fellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of manhood and consoles age.

It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It magnifies and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country and our countrymen, binds us to the land by its condensed and gemlike history; to the future by example and by aspiration. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our inventions, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury around our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind and to it all Historical ballads were, I might say, a specialty, and certainly those of the Nation stand pre-eminent. As a rule, history is dry reading for youth, but select certain periods, such as discoveries, adventures or battles, throw around them the glamor of rhyme and rhythm and they at once become attractive and imperishable. The memory clings to them with wonderful tenacity, and they are handed down from generation to generation for ages. How many libraries of prose have been written and forgotten since the Odyssey was first given to the world, and it is truly said today:

"Still the ghost of Homer sings
Around Scamander's wasting springs."

The Imperial eagles of Rome spread their wings over the conquered earth and were themselves swept away by the barbarians. Paganism had disappeared and the gospel of Christ the Lord had been erected on its ruins long after our own Ossian sang:

"Oh, thou that rollest above round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean sinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when the thunder rolls and the lightning flashes, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm."

Wisely, then, did Davis, Duffy and Dillon decide that ballot poetry was the means by which the almost forgotten history of our fathers could be drawn forth from the dusty shelves of the libraries and clothed in new, vigorous and imperishable youth and beauty. More than 99 per cent of the Irish people never heard of the heroic achievements of the Franco-Irish brigades when Davis wrote his glorious Fontenoy.

Oh, how many ardent young souls have listened with clenched teeth and flashing eyes to that incomparable ballad, which sounds like the tramp of a marching column and

"Prayed to God to grant them, and then
they die with joy,
Another day in Ireland like that at Fontenoy."

Hundreds of ballads and war songs appeared in rapid succession until every great battle, from 1728 to '98, was portrayed in vivid colors and treasured in the Nation's heart. At the call of Davis came Mangan, Ferguson, Walsh, Barry, Dowling, Williams, McCarthy, Madden, Joyce, Casey, Savage, Meagher, Mitchel, O'Brien, Una, Mary, Eva and hosts of other historians, orators and poets, whose names and works will live "until Erin is free and her fetters are broken."

And what were the rewards meted out to these glorious sons by the English tyrant? Imprisonment, transportation, exile and death. Meagher, Mitchel, Doheny, Williams, Devin Reilly, Joseph Brennan and others came to America and contributed their productions to the stores of learning with which our race has enriched American literature. They are all gone before us to God with their work unfinished, their hopes blighted, and their aspirations left to other men and other times to realize. But have they lived and labored and died in vain? Oh, no, a thousand times, no.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak
their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun,
their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle
walls—
But still their spirits walk abroad,
Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

[Long continued cheering.]

FOR THE CITIZEN.

WHEN PAPISTS COULD APPLY.

BY "ROCKY MOUNTAIN" O'BRIEN.

When freedom's cause throughout the
land, was in its infancy,
And the banner of the patriots waved
triumphantly,
The men who rallied 'neath its folds
knew neither creed or fear,
But to fight for home and liberty, did
proudly volunteer.
When Lafayette came here from France,
prepared to do or die,
You would not hear those nasty words:
"no Papists need apply."

When Kosciusko crossed the seas to fight
for freedom's cause,
He left his home and country, oppressed
by Russian laws,
And sought the camp of Washington
with ready sword in hand,
To help to strangle tyranny in Columbia's fairy land:
The foreigner was welcome then, for
freedom was his cry,
And no such words were ever heard:
"no Papists need apply-"

At Trenton and at Monmouth, the foreigners were game;
Moll Pitcher and Ted Murphy John
Bull did proudly tame.
Molly "manned" the cannon, killing
tyrants by the score,
While Murphy's sure and steady aim
left Fraser in his gore.
Fitzgerald was with Washington, and
proudly would he die,
Fighting in the ranks with him, when
Papists could apply.

O'Brien and his seven sons, who, history
will show,
Chased the English tyrants, and dealt
them blow for blow.
When war was raging in the land, they
fought upon the sea,
And captured England's man-o'-war,
and swore they would be free
In those proud days no A.P.A's would
join in battle cry,
And no such words could e'er be heard
—"no Papists need apply."

When Washington was short of funds,
after a long campaign,
Philadelphia sent him succor, his soldiers
to maintain;
To fight for freedom's holy cause, and
drive the Saxon back,
The hirelings of King George's blood-
stained, greedy pack.
They gave three cheers for liberty, and
Washington was their cry,
For all of these were Papists then—
Papists *did*!

Jack Barry was a sailor, well known
from shore to shore,
And made the English quake with fear
when he was commodore.
When British gold was offered him, he
spurned the same with pride;
And flung the insult back to George, for
he was true and tried.
But Barry was an Irishman, and raised
aloud the cry,
How dare you say, you A.P.A., "no
Papists need apply?"

At the battle of Antietam, and Gettysburg, also,
That foreigners took an active part, the
bigots well do know.
When the vilest reptiles of this earth to
Canada did repair,
And sought a refuge from John Bull,
who kept them in his lair.
And those who bought a substitute with
the enemy to cope,
Now cry aloud protection, and save me
from the Pope.

The scum of all the universe have joined
the A.P.A. brigade;
They bastardize the laws of God through
valley, hill and glade,
And desecrate the name of him, the
bravest of the brave,*
Who fought to give them freedom, and
fills a freeman's grave.
His memory we all cherish, and his name
will never die,
And if he were alive today, a Papist
could apply.

When our President to John Bull, sent
word the other day,
"Hands off Venezuela," I command you,
right away;
'Twas then the Papist's blood arose and
pulses beat with joy,
As did their famed forefathers, in
France, at Fontenoy!
Those A.P.As, to their cellars then did
crawl, and cursing, cry,
We will not fight 'gainst England—let
the Papists now apply.

The vermin of the Orange race now trying to sow the seed
Of discord and proscription will never
here succeed.
This is the land of Washington, we glory
in the same,
And every heart "beats high with pride"
to hear that hero's name.
While the beacon star of liberty shines
from on high,
We'll show the Tory A.P.A. that Papists
can apply.

Phil Sheridan, the war horse, well known
both far and wide,
And every schoolboy in this land has
read of his famous ride:
He fought to free the colored man and
give him liberty,
He placed his trust in God above, and
knew no bigotry.
No slave was he to race or creed,
"Susannah don't you cry,"
We set you free in '63, for Papists *did*
apply.

And when in old Virginia, the rebels
showed their might,
Meagher brave and Corcoran were foremost in the fight.
They fought them in the Wilderness,
with ready blade and ball,
And many a gallant Southerner before
their charge did fall.
Though born in old Ireland, "Faugh-a-
ballagh" they did cry,
We'll show you fight both day and night,
for Papists *can* apply.

And should Columbia need again the
men who fought with Lee,
And those who followed Sherman "from
Atlanta to the Sea,"
The exiled sons of Erin, ah! in battle's
proud array
Will march again, at beat of drum, all
ready for the fray.
And when they see the Stars and Stripes,
"Old Glory," they will cry—
Charge, boys, and drive them back to
hell—*we're* Papists—we apply

*Washington.

A.O.H. GAELIC CHAIR FUND.

For Catholic University at Washington.

OFFICE OF NAT'L SECRETARY,
A.O.H. OF AMERICA,
ALBANY, N.Y., Mar. 28, 1896.

EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN: Following is a complete statement of the number of members and the amount paid up to date by each state and province for the endowment of a Gaelic chair in the Catholic University of Washington:

State.	*Members.*	*Amount.*
Alabama	59	44 25
Arkansas	3	2 25
California	776	582 00
Colorado	240	180 00
Connecticut	4,473	3,354 75
Delaware	641	480 75
District of Columbia	140	105 00
Florida	26	19 50
Georgia	632	474 00
Illinois	2,050	1,537 50
Indiana	1,438	1,078 50
Iowa	1,203	902 00
Indian Territory	15	11 25
Kansas	391	293 25
Kentucky	435	326 25
Louisiana	213	159 75
Maine	1,167	875 25
Maryland	676	507 00
Massachusetts	9,637	7,227 25
Michigan	2,143	1,607 25
Minnesota	2,162	1,621 50
Missouri	902	676 50
Montana	300	225 00
Nevada	80	60 00
New Hampshire	145	106 75
New Jersey	3,263	2,447 25
New York	4,275	3,206 25
Ohio	2,782	2,086 50
Oregon	126	94 50
Pennsylvania	7,149	5,364 75
Rhode Island	725	543 75
South Carolina	339	254 25
Tennessee	98	73 50
Texas	100	75 00
Utah	96	72 00
Vermont	18	13 50
Virginia	200	150 00
Washington	204	153 00
West Virginia	533	399 75
Wisconsin	1,100	825 00
Wyoming	40	30 00
New Brunswick	185	138 75
Ontario	291	218 25
Quebec	371	278 25
Total	51,911	$38,933 25

M. J. SLATTERY, Nat'l Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, LEMONT.

The Dedication of Father O'Sullivan's New Church Will Take Place April 12.

St. Patrick's church, Lemont, Ill., Rev. M. O'Sullivan pastor, will be dedicated by the the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan on Sunday, April 12, at the hour of noon. Trains will leave on the Chicago & Alton, from the Union Depot, this city, at 11 a.m., stopping at Twenty-third street and other points. A very large attendance is anticipated, as several divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in regalia, have signified their intention to be present.

Ties of Brotherhood.

Perhaps one reason why people dislike the notion of human brotherhood so much is because the ties of kindred are often made so irksome. Society holds you to account for your brother's behavior, and even for his character, as if you had invented it, or at least favored it; and his children can bring your children to shame by their misconduct, though they may never have seen one another. It is hardly enough, on the other hand, that you receive a sort of reflected glory from your brother's excellence or celebrity; you are then expected to live up to him, and that may be another hardship if you have not his talent or temperament.

You feel that you are fitly answerable for your son, in a measure, though his great-grandfather on the other side, if he could be got at, might sometimes be much more justly made to suffer; but you do not feel that you are fitly answerable for your brother, and you feel that it is cruel of society to hold you so. If he is stupid or tiresome, people will shrink from you, as if you partook of his character because you partake of his origin. Often you do partake of his character. Brothers are often alike; but often they are intensely unlike in tastes, habits, manners, dispositions, temperaments. Often you shall be truly the brother of a man whom you like because he is of kindred nature, while in your heart you may fail to like the brother who is merely of kindred origin. Yet if one allowed the brother of one's blood to come to want or disgrace, society would hold one infamous. If it were the brother of one's soul, society would have nothing to say.—"*Who Are Our Brethren*," *by W. B. Howells, in April Century.*

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GAELIC POETRY.

Oran Gradha.

(Seamus MacConsadin cet.)

Is taomach téim le fada,
I n-géibhion ghnáith faoi ghlasaibh,
Faoi mar sgáile air bhalla
Dom thurnadh sé an eag,
I g-créimibh eráidhte galair,
Gan réim ar árd le sealad.
Traochta tráighte i b-peannaid
'S i n-dlúith-chreathaibh léin.
Le h-éigin gráda' do'n aindhir,
Craobh a's bláth gach maise,
Lo'r eulaigh bárr gach taise;
I g-clú ceart 's i méin:
Do shaor-shliocht árd na bh-flatha,
Do shaorthaigh cáil gach rachmail,
Ba tréan i m-beárnáin bagair
'S i n-dregaipeadh séad.

Ní'l aon le fághail mar mheasaim
D'fhéachfadh áilne a pearsain
Na staonfadh tráth chum lagair
I g-cúiin taisibh neul;
Gan céim gan caim d'ár ceapadh
Do dhéanfadh gráin no deacair,
Acht maorghacht ghnáith ag taithneamh
Go lonnrach 'nna sgeimh.
Tá séimhe grádhmhar cneasta,
Féile fáilte a's freasdal,
Briathra bláithe blasda,
Agus mánadh gan bheim;
Tréithe árd' gan easbhuigh,
Nach léir dham áireamh feasda,
Ag teacht le grás ó fhlaitheas,
I b-pláir gheal na m-béith.

Is dreimreach fáineach fada,
Slaodach sgáineach altach,
A céibe fás 'nna m-beartaibh,
Dídith lei go faon;
Is caol gan chaim a mala,
Ar a h-eadan bláthmhar sneachta,
Is maorgha sgáile a dearca
Mar gheabhair áille ag teacht.
A déad mhin álainn chailce,
'Nna béilin tlaith a's tana,
An t-aol gach trá 'nna leacaibh,
A's ór-dhath na g-caor:
'S is gléire a bráighaid mar eala
Go néata ag snámh ar abhainn,
A géag gan fághan gan alta
Go leabhar barra a méar.

Mo leun go bráth mar dhearcas
Reultan árd na maidne
Chlaon me tháith i n-galar
Tuirseach gan réim
Gan taobh le trácht i m-baltaibh
Na Phœnix d'fhás le feartaibh,
Acht saighde grádh' d'á g-caitheamh
O Chúpid go tréan.
Feuch Venus bláth gach maise
A's Helen chráidh na fiatha
A's Déirdre mháinla bheartaigh,
Túrnadh na laoch.
'S an spéirbhean Blánid chailce,
Chlaon Mac Dáire faoi ghlasaibh,
Is leir gur sháruigh an aindhir,
Lonnradh gach sgeimh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 522 REAPER BLOCK, 97 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1896. J. E. Defebaugh vs. The National Blower Company, a corporation organized and doing business under the laws of the State of Wisconsin. Attachment: No. 158,710.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said The National Blower Company, a corporation, etc., that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, dated February 26, 1896, at the suit of the above-named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant The National Blower Company, for the sum of Three Hundred ($300) Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant The National Blower Company, shall personally appear before the said Circuit Court of Cook County on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House in the City of Chicago on the Third Monday of April A. D. 1896, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

DAVID SULLIVAN, MASTER, SUPERIOR COURT, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. In Chancery. Lafayette Hopkins and Andrew Dunning, Trustee, vs. John C. Hoffmann, John H. C. Hoffmann and Sophia M. E. Hoffmann. No 120,048.

Public Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of a decree made and entered by said court, in the above-entitled cause, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1896, I, David Sullivan, Master in Chancery of the said Superior Court of Cook County, will, on Monday, the 13th day of April, A. D. 1896, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the Judicial Salesrooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all and singular the following described premises and real estate in said decree mentioned, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to satisfy said decree, to-wit: Lots Twenty-six (26) and Twenty-seven (27), in Block Twenty-five (25), in Crosby and others' Subdivision of the East half (E. ½) of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼), of Section Twenty-five (25), Township Forty (40) North, Range Thirteen (13), East of the Third Principal Meridian.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, March 18, A. D. 1896.

DAVID SULLIVAN,
Master in Chancery of Superior Court of Cook County.
S. A. Reynolds, Complainants' Solicitor.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 916 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KILVERY, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Kilvery, deceased, are hereby notified and required to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same allowed, at the [illegible] court, to be held at the [illegible] court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of [illegible] being the 18th day thereof.

Dated [illegible]

[illegible] SIMMONS,
Administrator with will annexed.
James O'Co[illegible] Atty.

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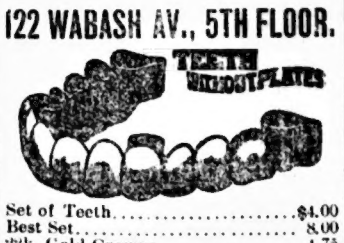

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